A GREAT SECRET

OR, SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONCLUDED.)

"This gentleman," she continued, "who married, deserted, and finally sold a helpless and then most innocent girl nearly twelve years ago, had already qualified himself to execute any amount of dirty work with punctuality and despatch. Therefore when Mr. de Breteuil-Beresford was in Paris, Mr. Smith-Beresford—" He leapt up again. This time she merely glanced at the door as a hint, which he took, that he had better resume his seat—"who had for some time been an ornament to the stage, took his place. The credit of the disguise chosen—a clever one, I admit—belongs probably to this gentleman, and not to Lord Kingscliffe's scapegrace son."

"What infernal nonsense!" broke out the unhappy clerk, who could not keep silent or still. "Why, De Breteuil was a tall, slim man, and I'm—"

"A short, fat one. That is why I call the disguise clever. But when I was at 'Les Bouleaux' just now, having a little time to spare, as you capered off as soon as I appeared, and your accomplice shut himself up in the inner *salon* and refused to see me, I took the liberty of walking up-stairs, and found both your room and De Breteuil's. I afterward showed two of the police into those apartments, where they were able to make some interesting discoveries. These included silver-gray wigs, eyebrows, and beards, padded coats for M. de Breteuil, boots raised inside at the heel to give additional height for you, and other very neat contrivances. It was also a clever idea to engage a purblind old idiot as valet. You were both fertile in clever ideas; the only foolish idea either seems to have had was that you could deceive me—again."

"Why, do you mean to say that you recognised—?" He stopped.

"You both? Yes; I knew De Breteuil when I saw him at the station here after the robbery, and I knew that he had committed it."

Gerald started. "You may as well tell us now how that was done."

Smith hesitated. Then suddenly, yet with an evident flicker of pride in the neatness of the achievement, he muttered:

"I cut the cushion and put the bottle of chloroform in it at Paris before the train started, when the two English fools had left their bags and rugs to go to the buffet. The guy nor—De Breteuil—took the cork out at Amiens, when Miss M'Leod got out to fetch him some chocolate. He had lots of time to find the notes when they were all asleep, and to write a telegram to an unknown address, which he substituted afterwards for the one Shaw dictated to Lord Keighley."

"And where did he hide the notes?" asked Gerald, breathlessly.

"Under his wig."

"So Mr. Shaw was murdered because he had confessed to having a clue to the robbery?" said Madame de Lancry in a hard voice.

Smith broke out in great agitation, "I had nothing to do with that: I swear I hadn't. I went out noisily and returned at once, quietly, by De Breteuil's orders, put on the disguise, and took his place in the *salon* just before Mr. Shaw left. When I guessed there was something up, I went into the hall, and sent Peggy to tell them to drive fast. Didn't I Gerald, now speak up, man?"

"Yes, yes," said Gerald hoarsely.

"I was awfully shocked when Victor came back, I swear I was. It was all De Breteuil could do to make me keep on with him. I stayed at 'Les Bouleaux' after that as Beresford, while De Breteuil was in Paris, and a ghastly time it was for me."

Smith had got hold of the idea that candid satisfaction of his hearers' curiosity—especially as one of them knew so much—was his best chance.

"I suppose you recognised me that time you called upon me in the morning?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," said Madame de Lancry. "After that I had solved the puzzle, and had only to find proofs which would convince others. Why was De Breteuil so anxious to get his daughter to return to 'Les Bouleaux' that he did such a dangerous thing as to send you to fetch her in your own proper person, leaving no 'Mr. Beresford, at 'Les Bouleaux'?"

"He thought he could still get young Fournier, who was in debt, to marry her."

"And it was you who, at Nice, personated 'Mr. Beresford,' and induced old Mademoiselle Ernestine to leave her money to Victor, on condition that he married an English girl?"

Smith nodded.

"Very disinterested."

"No," said he simply. "Half-profits."

"What do you mean? Mademoiselle Ernestine's money was to go to Victor, who was quite innocent of your scheming."

"But his father wasn't. It was a bargain that if Victor got the money, part of it should be settled on Miss Peg. Of course, papa would have had the control of that. D'ye see?"

"Perfectly."

"Then if you are satisfied, I needn't take up your time any longer. Good-evening."

She stood aside to let him pass. Gerald started forward to prevent him, but Madame de Lancry raised her hand. As the young man paused, astonished at her forbearance, Smith took the opportunity to escape.

"Madame, why did you let him go?" asked Gerald, hotly. "We two are satisfied, but I want the whole world to know that my father was murdered: and if Smith can tell us so much about Mr. Shaw's death, he must know something of my father's."

"He knows no more than I can tell," she said gravely. "I have made a statement to the police, which Smith will probably confirm to them."

"To the police! But he surely will not dare to go to them!"

"Go down stairs and see."

Gerald left the room and obeyed. A crowd filled the ground-floor corridor of the hotel, and streamed out at the door in the rear of a group, to which Gerald elbowed his way. Smith, swearing and protesting, was being led by two *gendarmes* to a *fiacre*.

The young Englishman watched him, as he was unceremoniously lifted into the carriage and driven off, with uncontrollable satisfaction. Smith's share in the crimes of his harder and more inhuman accomplice had been too great for justice to be satisfied without his punishment. Half-stunned by the awful events of the day, exhausted by his own share in them, Gerald stood for a few minutes on the quay before returning to the General and Madame de Lancry.

On finding themselves alone together, both the General and his wife had remained for a short time in silence, she standing by the window watching the excited crowd underneath, he watching her. As the *fiacre* containing Smith drove away, she turned from the window with a deep breath of gloomy satisfaction. The General came a step toward her.

"Madeline," said he in a quavering voice, "was it true—what he said?"

"Yes. He married me twelve years ago, and deserted me a few months afterward," she answered in a hard, dry voice. "I thought he was dead: I married—believed I married—again—found out that I had been deceived," She stopped. Into her great eyes came a dim reflection of the horror she had felt when, standing outside the little *café* eleven years ago, she had seen Smith and Louis de Breteuil sharing the money stolen from the murdered Mr. Staunton.

The General's lips quivered, and he withdrew his eyes from her face.

"It was very wrong of me to marry you, I know," she said in a steady voice after a long pause. "And the punishment has fallen, not on me, but on you, who have borne with my ill-temper and ingratitude so long." He tried to interrupt her; she went on, without seeming to hear him. "But I had been cruelly treated, and though I led a perfectly harmless life after the awful discoveries I made about De Breteuil and—and his accomplice, the sense of right and wrong in me was dead. I have had my revenge now," she continued calmly and lifelessly, "and I have time to be sorry—for you. You will forgive me, I know, for you have always been good and generous to me. Good-bye."

She put out her hand, then drew it back at once, and crossed the room towards the door. Then she turned, and gave him one look that was not without affection. He started forward only as far as the table, and asked in a hoarse voice:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to see poor little Peggy. Henriette tells me she took her to my room and made her lie down. The poor child must be taken to England to-night, to escape the investigations which would be sure to come to her ears."

"You cannot take her. She will want to go with her husband."

"I can at least go as far as Dover with them."

"Why, why? Where will you go? They will not want you; it is I who want you, Madeline. Are you going to leave me now?"

She seemed so broken in spirit, now that her awful work of revenge was successfully accomplished, that her old imperious decision of manner had left her. She turned hesitatingly, with drooping head and tears in her eyes.

"Madeline," whispered the General: "Madeline;" and he came nearer. "This villain has deserted you for years now; you are free—by the English law you are free. My wife you are now—you always will be in my eyes; if I never see you again. Marry me again now, and you will be my wife in the eyes of all men."

She still hung her head for a few moments, and he saw a tear roll down her face. Then she looked at him very sweetly.

"You are not tired of your bargain yet? How do you know that I may not be more self-willed, more petulant than ever?"

"You may be if you like. I loved you before, as you know. Now I learn what you have suffered, I—I think I worship you, Madeline. Let me be your husband still, and you shall be as free as you please; only let me think you will keep the shelter of my name, if you will not have that of my arms." Madeline broke down into tears, and turning toward him with an incoherent whisper of thanks, of gratitude, she let him raise her head and press his lips upon her forehead. He had scarcely done so when a step in the corridor made Madeline start up and go quickly to the door.

"It is Gerald!" she said as she opened it, and the young man came in looking haggard and anxious.

"Where is Peggy, madame?" he asked at once.

"I will take you to her."

She led him along the corridor to the door of her own room, opened it and went in. In a few minutes her maid Henriette came out, with a very soft tread and beckoned him in. On the sofa Peggy was lying, curled up like a child, asleep. Madame de Lancry's hand was already laid on her shoulder.

"You must take her to England to-night, Gerald. You can tell her her father has died suddenly, and get some doctor to forbid her to read for six months, as crying has affected her eyesight. Do you understand? Take her to the seaside, to Eastbourne or Hastings, and write to your father's friends from there. When the case comes out, as it there will be a rush of sympathy for you, and a scramble to give you employment. In the meantime, we will lend you whatever you want, and you have nothing to do but to keep the story from this poor child's ears."

"Yes, madame."

"Wake up, Peggy, wake up!"

And Madeline, whose hatred toward the girl had given place, now that her vengeance was satisfied, to womanly pity, laid one hand on the little flushed face, with great tenderness.

Peggy started up, and blinked in a bewildered manner at the wax candles on the dressing-table, then glanced round at the two tall dark women's figures standing over her, with a low cry of childish fright. Gerald came quickly between them, and with a sleepy smile she stretched out her arms to him, and let her drowsy head fall on his shoulder.

"Have I been asleep?" she asked.

"O, no, my darling, not at all," said Gerald, in a husky attempt to be playful.

Madame de Lancry slipped Peggy's hat on to her head before the girl was yet fully awake.

"You must get up now, dear child," she said gently. "Your husband is going to take you over to England to-night, and you must both have something to eat first."

The words "your husband" made Peggy start, and she rose to her feet at once, and docilely allowed herself to be led to the sitting-room, where she sat very silently, casting furtive glances of affection at Gerald, and puzzled looks at Madame de Lancry, who busied herself in finding a rug and a cloak to keep her warm on her night journey. When it was time to start, and Madame de Lancry was occupied with Henriette, who was putting on her mantle, Peggy crept to the General's side and took his hand.

"I don't know what all this means," she quavered softly, "But I know it has something to do with you. You have been so kind."

He got up, drew her hand through his arm and led her toward the door.

"It means," he said, "that you are going to be very happy at last; and so, I think, am I."

Almost in silence she let him lead her down to the pier, were the Dover boat was waiting; Gerald followed with Madame de Lancry. None of them had much to say to say to each other, but they stood together for a little while before the two younger ones went on board, and the men shook hands, and Madeline kissed Peggy.

But when the Paris train had come in, and the bustle of the passengers coming on board was over, and the steamer was going slowly out of the harbor, Peggy clung more closely to her husband, and pointed to the white handkerchief Madeline was waving as she leaned on the General's arm.

"Look, look," she whispered excitedly, look, Gerald—I suppose you will say I am superstitious, but it seems to me as if a desperate enemy were waving a flag of peace to me. I can't help feeling that perhaps we shall be happy after all."

Mr. Smith was tried in Paris, and his complicity in the theft, though not in the murders, of Lord Kingcliffe's son, the Honorable Mr. Corrie, was clearly established without any need of Madame de Lancry's testimony. But he defended himself with such striking ability, and so movingly described himself as a guileless but devoted servant to a master who had been kind to him, that he got off with a sentence much lighter than he deserved—five years' penal servitude.

Miss M'Leod gave a great deal of trouble at the trial, where she was called as an important witness As she would persist in speaking of Smith as "that vile miscreant," and of the late Mr. Beresford as "the unhappy murdered gentleman," she had to be put down as a person of weak intellect incompetent to give evidence. She has obtained another situation now as housekeeper to an elderly widower with children, to whom she is fond of relating an interesting but flagrantly improbable story story of how her late employer fell a victim to the treachery of his confidential clerk and the base ingratitude of his daughter.

Blair's innocence was established, and a subscription was got up for him on the Stock Exchange, whose members don't wait for a clear claim to be made on their liberality.

Gerald, having been beguiled, on pretence of giving Blair's address, into going to the office of the gentleman who was getting up the subscription, was forcibly seized and led in triumph into the Sacred Edifice, where he was nearly pulled to pieces by an excited throng of overgrown schoolboys, who all wanted to shake his hand and tell him they had been bosom friends of his father, and they had always known the truth would come out some day. After administering this vague but warm-hearted congratulation, four of the nearest and most enthusiastic, all of different sizes and with no notion of keeping step hoisted him on their shoulders and bumped and joggled him in terrible triumph through the building, to the accompaniment of vigorous cheers from the rest.

Their enthusiasm did not exhaust itself in this. There was, as Madame de Lancry had predicted, a rush for the honor of obtaining Gerald's modest services; and he at once obtained a situation as clerk, at a much higher salary than his abilities would have commanded without "influence."

Peggy knows that her father is dead, but she has never heard how he died. General and Madame de Lancry have settled down in England; they have a beautiful house near Temple Rock, on the upper Thames, and they seem to get on better together. They are interesting and entertaining people, and can bear being out of each other's sight with reasonable equanimity.

But, as for Gerald and Peggy, they are irreclaimable savages in this respect; for at present there seems no prospect of their getting beyond the uninteresting stage of being wrapt up in each other.

[THE END.]

The Handwriting on the Wall.

One day last summer I went into a lawyer's office. I climbed up a flight of dusty stairs, turned to the right, walked down a hot, dingy passage-way until I came to a door, and knocked hard. There was no response. Everything was too sleepy even to make an echo. So I said "Come in" to myself and walked in. It was very warm. The windows were open, and the hot air came quivering in from the blistering street, and went around the office in sluggish waves warping the big law books on the naize-covered table. In the corners of the room the cobwebs hung dusty and motionless. A broom and a battered watering-pot stood behind the stove, which was red with rust and stood on three legs and a cobble-stone, weary with inaction. A solitary cuspidore, half filled with the sawdust of ages, slept behind the coal box, where nobody could get at it. The glass doors of the library hung ajar, and the bunch of keys, half caught, hung in a limp, dissipated way from the lock, as though they had tried to get in but fell asleep in the effort. The big flies buzzed lazily about in the air, as though they had about decided to make one more effort to reach the ceiling, and if they missed it that time they would give it up and fall down on the floor. In a very old-fashioned web in a window corner, an old-fashioned spider, in a condition of pitiful destitution, sat by a rent in his den, trying to make up his mind to brace up and get at it and mend it. A slim-waisted wasp crawled about over the old, time-eaten window frame, looking for raw material for her wood pulp mill. All the pens on the green baize were corroded and split up the back. The ink in the big cut glass stand had dried up in a sun-baked, crackled mass. The lawyer lay back in his big leather chair. His feet were on the cable. His head hung over the back of the chair. His mouth was wide open; his eyes were tight shut. His hat had rolled under the table. A newspaper had fallen from his hand. He did not move when I told him I had come to pay that bill. He snored, gently, regularly, but resolutely, like one to whom snoring and sleeping is not a duty, but a pleasure. Above the little iron safe and above the big green table hung two framed mottoes. Above the table it said, in severe letters of forbidding black:—

"This is my busy day."

And over the little iron safe emphatic letters in chromatic print said:—

"Time is money."

I hadn't the heart to wake him. I sat down and gave him an hour of improving reflection, and credited myself with that amount on my bill.—[Burdette.

Pauper Immigration — Canada the Dump.

We see it stated that 4,500 immigrants will arrive in Canada by the St. Lawrence route this week. If there were reason to believe that even a majority only of these expected arrivals would make a desirable addition to the population of this country, the announcement would be a welcome one, for Canada has plenty of room for *bona fide* settlers with means sufficient to enable them to secure an independent footing within her borders. Past experience, however, and a knowledge of the strenuous efforts which are being made in England to relieve the distress existing there by unloading the surplus pauper population of the great cities upon us, warrant the assumption that the greater portion of the arrivals this week—and in weeks to come will be of a class more likely to become a burden upon our charities than a desirable acquisition to the population.

It has been stated in England that the outcry in Canada against unrestricted immigration is raised only by the labouring classes, and that the sole aim of the latter is to limit the supply of labour here for their own selfish purposes. The above vigorous expression of opinion by the governing body of the chief city of this province is sufficient proof that such is not the case. Not only the labouring classes but taxpayers generally have awakened to a realization of the fact that Canada is being made a dumping ground for England's poor, and that so long as the practice continues so long will they be taxed for the enlargement of the penal and charitable institutions of the country. They feel that they have quite enough to do in looking after their own paupers and criminals, without being obliged to assume the burden of the maintenance of those of the Mother Country.

A Sensational Trial.

A sensational trial began recently at the Vienna Criminal Court. The facts of the case are not devoid of interest to psychologists.

In December last a commercial traveller named Alfred Frankenstein induced Julie Kunerth, a housemaid, to steal some diamonds from her mistress, replacing them by imitation stones. In January Frankenstein declared to his accomplice that the theft would probably be discovered during the carnival, and that therefore it would be advisable to abstract all the jewelry and to feign a robbery, for which purpose he would discharge a revolver into the upper part of her arm. The girl consented, but when the appointed day came, Frankenstein, after having taken all the valuables upon which he could lay his hands, shot straight into the woman's breast, and left her for dead in the room. She was found shortly afterward lying in a pool of blood, and was considered the victim of a daring robbery. A series of accidents, however, soon revealed the true state of affairs, though the woman, after her recovery, tried hard to exculpate the man who had acted so treacherously toward her.

Frankenstein was sentenced to seven year penal servitude. The jury found him not guilty on the major count of attempted murder. The girl herself was condemned to two and a half years hard labor as an accomplice.

"That sermon was the finest effort I ever heard," said a man on his way home from church. "I wouldn't have missed it for $20." "I'm glad you enjoyed it, John," said his wife. "Yes, I enjoyed it; but there was one thing that annoyed me." "What was that, John?" "I had no change in my pocket less than half a dollar for the contribution box."

When some loving friend shirks his burden of care.
That you may have double to carry;
When some other fellow is ringing the hand
Of he whom you wanted to marry,
Your principles may not permit ugly words,
But don't such things make you feel sweary.

THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

Some Impressions From a Recent Visit.

BY J. E. POLLOCK, B. A.

The city is said to have obtained its name from Buffalo Creek, and the creek from an Indian of that name. Fort Erie was built in 1764, but Capt. Wm. Johnson, who married a Seneca woman was the first white settler at the mouth of Buffalo Creek in the year 1793. Buffalo and Toronto, therefore, date from the same year; each possessed a fort; Buffalo—Fort Erie; Toronto—Fort Rouille. Each was founded on the shore of a great inland lake—the one on the south-east shore of Lake Erie—the other on the north-west shore of Lake Ontario; the one beneath the Stars and Stripes, the other beneath the banner of Britannia, and each destined to become a great city although both were burned to the ground in the wars of 1812-15 which devastated the boundary lines of the rival nations.

Buffalo, like Toronto, is a great steamship and railway focus, each being the centre of a great and rapidly increasing trade on the lakes and through a fertile country lying east and west. The peculiarly

COINCIDENT FORTUNATE SITUATION

of each, the character of its inhabitants, salubrious climate, fertility of soil, links of connection with town and country—by steamboat, railway, telegraph and telepone—have made and are still making each a great and a prosperous city, with a progression rivalling the first cities on the Continent.

Buffalo is the larger (250,000), the wealthier, the more democratic of the two; Toronto the more aristocratic, with its finer situation, fine harbor, better boulevarded but inferior paved and narrower streets, handsomer lawns, finer architecture, superior schools and colleges and University. Toronto, too, has the more romantic and healthier situation. In Toronto the English, Scotch, and Irish elements of nationality largely prevail, while Buffalo seems to have a large German element, which, perhaps, may be accounted for by the purchase of the Reservation lands of the Seneca Indians by the Holland Company in an early period of the city's history. In 1798 the New York Legislature authorized aliens to hold land by which law the Holland Company were enabled to take possession of the lands they had purchased, and in the same year the name Buffalo was given to Erie. To Joseph Ellicott, more than to any other man in its early history, is said to be due the rapid progress of Buffalo, which soon rose from a hamlet to a city. He surveyed the land for a city in 1798 and opened up the first wagon-road in Erie County. The story of Portia Ransom is one of the earliest tales told in Buffalo's history. Asa Ransom, a silversmith, settled in Buffalo, in 1796 with his wife and infant daughter Portia. The Seneca Indians, one of the

TRIBES OF THE IROQUOIS,

occupied the lands surrounding the village. In one of their visits to Buffalo they made a raid upon Mr. Ransom's house in his absence and being denied liquor resolved to carry off the little girl Portia. It was with the greatest difficulty that the child was saved through the heroic conduct of Mrs. Ransom and her neighbors. Not only was the child saved from the Indians but lived, prospered, and afterwards became Mrs. Christopher Harvey.

In walking up Main St., Buffalo, one might easily fancy himself on Yonge St., Toronto. There are similar wholesale houses at the foot of the street near the canal, and similar displays of goods on either side of the street, with its rising slope till you reach the Genesee House, north of which are many handsome private residences and pulic institutions. Parallel with Main St., which runs north and south, are Pearl, Washington, Niagara and Delaware streets, the last being the finest in the city for its magnificent private residences, fine churches, ample boulevards and broad pavements overarched by lines of lofty trees. On this street stand three magnificent churches almost side by side. First, Calvary church (Presbyterian) a handsome and imposing edifice of white stone; next, a Methodist Episcopal of equal and similar proportions but of red stone; then Trinity Church (English) a massive building of red stone differing from the others in architecture, more ornamented with large circular windows of stained glass fronting the street. Another handsome English church is that of St. John on Swan St., built of white stone and resembling much the Presbyterian and Methodist, and whose Sunday School numbers 650 pupils. The writer witnessed the children's Easter floral service in this church. The altar, tablets, bishop's chair, and reader's desk were decorated with garlands of green. Above the altar was a blazing cross. From the bank of moss which filled the baptismal font sprang beautiful lilies.

PURE AND LOVELY CALLAS

arose from a vase at the corner of the chancel while the entire pulpit front was concealed by a mass of white and delicately-tinted flowers intermingled with green vines all artistically arranged. Fully one fourth of the immense assemblage that filled the sanctuary were children. Another fine church is that of St. Mary (Catholic) on Broadway St. to which thronged thousands of worshippers early on Easter morn. St. Paul's Cathedral is the most fashionable and aristocratic church in the city. Immense numbers throng there to hear the superb musical programme at Easter and to admire the lovely floral decorations of the church that day. However, no church in Buffalo has so fine a situation and such chaste architecture as the Metropolitan of Toronto.

On the other hand, few cities, perhaps, on the American continent, can boast so fine a Court House as Buffalo. Built of pure white stone, devoid of elaborate ornamentation, like the chaste Greek columns of old, it rises in the purity and simplicity of its grandeur. It occupies an elevated space with main entrances from opposite sides. Its interior is as

CHASTE AND MAGNIFICENT

as the exterior, having double stairways and double enclosed elevators leading from floor to floor. A tablet in the entrance hall shows the number and office of every room in the building. The Americans are a practical people. The Court House was erected in 1875, and in that same year they erected a magnificent gaol of white stone in the rear of the Court on the opposite side of the street. In Buffalo, from Court to prison is but a step, one may say.

In another respect Buffalo far exceeds Toronto. No monument in Queen's Park, lovely as Nature has made the surroundings, rises half so stately and grand as Buffalo's "Monument of Liberty" in Union Square. It was erected in 1882. The base has the statue of a soldier standing at each corner as if to guard from every point of the compass the maiden standing at the pinnacle of the monument and representing the liberty of the nation. The monument is of pure white stone, circular column and bearing carved inscriptions. It is called the "Soldiers' Monument."

In another respect Buffalo surpasses Toronto and this is a national feature, I believe, of the American people. It is the courteous politeness of its people. If any doubt this statement let him visit Buffalo and ask questions of information from police men, business men or those he meets upon the street. Strangers receive a kind welcome. One citizen is considered as good as another if his reputation be good. Wealth builds no social barriers. Equal rights and liberties to all. A common brotherhood and a common humanity.

She Was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Daughters that Make Good Wives

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful—I mean from principle as well as nature—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded that were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be—"Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of her worth and affection indicated by such a behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the marriage state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—Fordyce.

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symtoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred affections, it is a most wonderful remedy.

In a speech at Croydon Mr. Goschen credited Mr. Gladstone with a desire to have Parliament rise to its former dignity, but he said Mr. Gladstone was overruled by his copartner, Mr. Parnell.

They Pay $500, or Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catrrrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, have offered in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they can not cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is mild soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

In a recently published poem James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra dry.

Asleep on the Railroad Track.

A little child, tired of play, had pillowed his head on a rail and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a horrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the biliousness and constipation which trouble you, in the hope that you will "come all right." Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Constipation is too often the forerunner of a general "breaking up." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will regulate your liver, stomach and bowels, and restore your system to its normal condition.

A bass drum may be a snare and a noisy instrument, but it is not as loud as a girl's hair when it is banged.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters—the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The man who stoops to pick up a cent often ruins half a dollar's worth of suspenders.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

Why is a dead nigger like a candidate in the background? Because he is a dark corse.

HUST COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

It may be that a man can love but one woman in a lifetime, but how if he going to know unless he tries?

CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theatre of time, with suns for lamps and eternity for a background.—Thomas Carlyle.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dypsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and two 3c. stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Dumpsey, meeting Popinjay, satchel in hand—"What! you aren't going to take your vacation at this time of year?" Popinjay—"You bet I am! Mrs. Popinjay begins house-cleaning this week."

A saloon keeper wanted the motto "Yesterday, To day and Forever" painted, and when the painter presented the work it read "Yesterday, Toddy and Forever."

A. P. 396

PATENTS For Sale—Illustrated descriptive Catalogue free. R. Chamberlin, Toronto.

PATENTS procured, Patent Attorneys, and experts Est'd 1867. Donald C. Ridout & Co., Toronto.

KNITTING MACHINES Creelman Bros., Georgetown, Ont.

WORK FOR ALL. $20 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms. Lowest Rates. No delay. Correspondence solicited. E. W. D. BUTLER, Financial Agt., Established 1860. 72 King st. E., Toronto.

CANCER, TUMORS, ULCERS, ETC., CURED, without the knife. No cure, no pay. Send stamp for pamphlet. W. L. SMITH, M.D., 124 Queen E., Toronto.

BEAVER LINE of STEAMSHIPS,
—SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN—
MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL.
Saloon Tickets, $40, $50, $60. Return, $80, $90, $110, Intermediate, $30; Steerage, $20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen'l. Manager, 1 Custom House Square, MONRTEAL.

TO TOWN AND VILLAGE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS
WE have unexcelled facilities for the SALE or EXCHANGE of Newspaper offices. Terms, one per cent. Satisfaction guaranteed. ☞We have now four good establishments for sale at a bargain, and one publisher wanting a partner.
Auxiliary Publishing Company, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

ROSES and all other bedding and window Plants. Our $1.00 Collections will suit every one. Illustrated Catalogue free.
WEBSTER BROS., FLORISTS, HAMILTON.

RUBBER STAMPS, SEALS Stencils, and Burning Brands, &c. Send for Catalogue. BARBER BROS. CO., 87 Scott St., Toronto.

Bicycles! 120 Second-Hand Bicycles and Tricycles. Send for List. New Catalogue ready in April. A. T. LANE, MONTREAL.

ITCHING PILES.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Paine's Celery Compound
CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.
WEAK NERVES
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.
RHEUMATISM
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.
KIDNEY COMPLAINTS
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.
DYSPEPSIA
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.
CONSTIPATION
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.
Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.
Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
Montreal, Que

CAUTION!—Farmers wishing to avoid a Lawsuit are warned against buying or using an infringing hagholder manufactured in Middlesex, Ont. The genuine article is stamped "The Dandy," and "Patented 1887," as required by law. C. W. ALLEN & Co., World Building, Toronto.

CANADA SHIPPING CO.—Beaver Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool, $40, $50, and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90, and $110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate, $30; Round trip tickets, $60. Steerage, $20. Round trip tickets, $40. For further particulars and to secure berths, apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, 1 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Towns and Cities.

THE BANK OF TORONTO.
DIVIDEND NO. 64.
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and a Bonus of Two per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Friday, the First day of June next.
The transfer books will be closed from the Seventeenth to the Thirty-first day of May, both days included. The Annual General Meeting of the stockholders will be held at the Banking house of the institution, on Wednesday, the Twentieth day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board. (Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier.
The Bank of Toronto, April 25th, 1888.

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.—All points in DAKOTA AND MINNESOTA—April 25, May 9 and 23, June 6 and 20—good for 30 days, stop over going and returning.
Via St. Paul, Minneapolis and MANITOBA RAILWAY.
These trips will take you into the Great Grain and Stock Regions of Minnesota and Dakota where are to be had the most desirable Railway and Government Lands in the United States—2,000,000 ACRES of the richest and best watered farming, grazing and timbered lands for sale at low prices, where they raise both Grain and Stock that beats the World. J. M. BUCKINS, Trav. Pass. Agt. 4 Palmer House Block. J. BOOKWALTER, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn. G. H. WARDER, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Story OF THE BIBLE—By CHARLES FOSTER. Profusely illustrated—Sales marvellous — Nearly 400,000. Send $1.50 for a copy and go to work. Agents Wanted. Address. A. G. WATSON, Manager, TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY, TORONTO.

SAUSAGE CASINGS.
BEST IMPORTED ENGLISH SHEEPS, also Small American Hogs Casings. Quality guaranteed. In lots to suit purchasers. Write for prices.
Jas. Park & Son.

CHAMPION Improved Safes, at prices within the reach of all. I can send you a safe, made in the best manner, with Combination Lock and well finished in every respect, for $40, on delivery at your station. Send for circular. S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig St., P. O. Box 945 Montreal, P. Q.

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS
Have all the latest improvements and are unequalled for durability, style and convenience. The leading Carriage Builders sell them. ASK FOR THEM and BUY NO OTHER.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York, H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Whaley, Royce & Co.
283 Yonge Street, Toronto.
The Cheapest Place in Canada for BAND INSTRUMENTS. New and Second hand.
Agents for "BESSON" and "HIGHAM" Band & Orchestra MUSIC.
REPAIRING of BAND INSTRUMENTS a specialty.
Send for Catalogue.

YOUNG MEN
SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Nervous Debility.
DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application. THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR AND SODA.